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ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

THE
STORY
READER



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THE
STORY READER

BY

ALFRED E. LOGIE AND CLAIRE H. UECKE

ASSISTED BY

SARAH A. MILNER

PRINCIPAL OF MADISON AVENUE SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL.



NEW YORK ·· CINCINNATI ·· CHICAGO
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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON

STORY READER.

W. P. I

PREFACE

AIM OF THE BOOK

1. To furnish stories that dramatize easily, most of them containing an ethical truth which may be impressed on the child by the acting rather than by direct moralizing.

2. To furnish stories that suggest construction work and thus give expression to the child's motor activity. A great deal of the construction work is so easy that it makes excellent seat work which the child can do by himself while the teacher is busy with another class. This tends to decrease the amount of unsupervised writing usually done in the primary grades.

3. To make the child familiar with at least a few reproductions of the famous works of art.

AXIOMS FOR THE PRIMARY READING CLASS

1. The teacher should fill her own mind first with the spirit of the new lesson.

2. She should lead her class up an inclined plane from where they are to the new topic.

3. The printed page of the story after the reading has begun is not the place to get new words.

4. Words should not be marked diacritically nor segmented into syllables. The form should not be changed in any shape or manner.

5. Reading sentences word by word is an abomination.

6. The mind of the primary child is not analytic, and does not get one single thing out of an analytic series of questions and answers about the lesson after it has been read.

7. Things which make the reading class lifeless are lack of interest in that which is being read, inability to get new words easily, slowness of the eye in recognizing words and phrases or groups of words, reading the sentence orally when the eye has not gone ahead of the voice and given the child the thought in advance of his voice, too difficult reading too early in the year.

For special methods to be pursued in the use of this book the teacher is referred to the remarks on the Dramatization of Stories, page 123, on Seat Work without Supervision, page 125, and on Construction Work, page 126.

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THE STORY READER



WADING

John and Hannah are bare-footed. They are wading in the water.

Papa and Mamma said they could have some fun. Going in wading is great fun.

The water is very warm. On the bottom are sand and pebbles.

John sees a clam on the bottom. Hannah screams and lifts her foot. What do you think hurts her?

A crab caught her toe. John pulled it off.

John and Hannah go to school. School begins next week.

bottom	Hannah	warm	hurts
pebbles	screams	water	caught

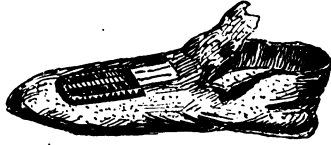
AN INDIAN BOY



Mahooohoo is tall and straight. He has eagle feathers in his hair. His clothes are made of deer-skin.

Mahooohoo lives in a house made of skins. It is called a wigwam.

His shoes are called moccasins. The moccasins are decorated with colored beads.



This is one of Mahoohoo's moccasins. How would you like to wear moccasins?

Mahoohoo can run very swiftly. He can swim like a fish.

wigwam moccasins decorated swiftly



You should see Mahoohoo spear fish.

He sits in his canoe and strikes the fish with the spear. The fish come to look at the

torch in the canoe. The torch is made of birch bark.

What do you suppose the canoe is made of? Can you make one of brown paper?



This is Mahoohoo's bow and arrow. The tip of the arrow is made of stone and is very sharp.

The feathers make it go straight. Mahoohoo used to kill deer to eat. The arrow sings in the air when he sends it after deer.

The crows loved to steal his corn, so he sent his arrow after them and killed the robbers. He loves his arrow because it brings him food and keeps away the crows.

should spear torch canoe

HERO

Hero is a large dog. Is he not beautiful? Hero is beautiful. See his great shaggy coat. He can swim a mile in the deep water. Hero and Ned are always together.

Ned is only three years old, and Hero takes



care of him. One day Ned forgot what his mother said and waded out into the big river. Hero was playing tag with another dog and did not see him.

Ned tripped and fell; a big wave dashed over him. It filled his mouth and eyes with water. Ned was drowning. Hero saw him and came with great leaps to help.

He caught the little fellow by the coat and carried him ashore. Ned lies there wet and cold, but Hero will take care of him until his mother comes. We all love Hero because he saved Ned from drowning.



MILKING TIME

The cows have been feeding all day. Now they are chewing their cud. The milkmaid is busy milking.

She will put the milk into pans. When it is cool the yellow cream will rise. Butter is made from this yellow cream.

Spot is off for a frolic. What a good time she is having! Soon she will stand still.

Did you look carefully at the boy's shoes? Of what do you suppose they are made?

chewing frolic carefully suppose



THE MILK HOUSE

This is a milk house. I think you can see the jars of milk on the shelf. That is cream on the top of the churn. The woman moves the dasher up and down, and this changes the cream to butter.

Kitty loves the milkmaid. I think Kitty likes milk too. She is purring for some now.

Just outside the door are the pastures where the cattle are feeding. Who is that little visitor coming in the door?

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Here is a picture of a lighthouse.

The lighthouse is a very strong tower.



It is built on large rocks in the ocean.

There are bright lights in it.

That is why it is called a lighthouse.

The lights shine far over the water. They warn sailors not to come near. The sailors know they must keep away from the lighthouse.

If they go near, the ship will be dashed to pieces on the large rocks there.

picture
water

built
sailors

lighthouse
pieces



A man lives in the lighthouse. He keeps the lamps clean, so the light will be bright.

One night a ship came too near. It caught fast on the rocks.

The waves beat hard against it. The people feared they would drown. The lighthouse keeper had one daughter. Her name was Grace Darling.

She said to her father, "We must go out in the life boat. The people will drown if we do not save them." So they rowed out in the fearful storm.

They reached the large ship before it sank.
They saved the people.

Were not Grace and her father brave?

caught	against	drown
daughter	storm	fearful

HOW JOHN SAVES HIS MONEY



John has a savings box which he made himself. It is made of cardboard. He is going to put all his pennies in it until Christmas.

Then he will buy something for some poor family. He thinks it will be fun to buy a turkey for poor Mrs. Green. This will cost two dollars.

John will earn the money

by running errands. The box has so many pennies in it now that it is heavy. John is very happy thinking what a good dinner Mrs. Green will have.

himself	pennies	Christmas	hundred
errands	dinner	widow	turkey

THE NEW DOLL

Jennie's father is a sailor. When he was in England, he bought her this doll. It is two feet tall and has real hair. Its eyes move when she lays it down.

Jennie often presses the chest of the doll to hear it say squeak! squeak! The doll must have a bath every morning. Sometimes it cries.

The doll does not like to be washed. It likes to tumble over, and this annoys Jennie a great deal.



sailor England brought annoys sometimes

THE WINDS

I am West Wind. I bring with me birds and blossoms. My breath is soft and gentle. I bring the birds from the south land, and I help make the buds on the trees. The frost is all gone, and spring is here. The buds will soon grow to leaves.



I am South Wind. My breath is hot and dry. I make the corn grow tall and beautiful. When I come, the grain ripens and the farmer cuts his hay.





I am North Wind. I blow and blow, and howl and howl. The birds all go south when I come. The snow and ice come with me. Santa Claus and I are good friends. He loves the cold North Wind, and so do his reindeer.



I am East Wind. I bring with me the April showers that wake the plants from their long winter sleep. I help bring the beautiful spring flowers.

breath blossoms winter leaves beautiful

THE PONY

Do you see the little pony? He came from a place called Shetland. They raise many ponies there.



The name of the pony is Rockdale.

If you say, "Good morning, Rockdale," he will hold up his foot for you to shake. He likes the man who takes care of him.

Each morning he puts his two fore-feet on the man's shoulders to hug him.

Have you ever seen a pony hug a man? It looks very funny.

One day some ladies went into the barn. The man did not remove his hat. Rockdale walked up to him.

He took the man's hat between his lips. Then he tossed it to the ground.

Was he not a funny little pony?

ARACHNE

Have you ever heard where the Spider came from? This is the story told by the people of long ago.

Arachne was a beautiful maiden. She used to spin all day. Her fingers were skillful. She wove such beautiful fabrics that people wondered.

"Maiden," said they, "Athena, the goddess, must have taught you to weave."

Arachne replied, "Athena taught me, but I weave better than she now."

"Do not boast, proud maiden," said they. "Athena may hear you."

One day a beautiful woman appeared. She



wore a long robe and a shining helmet. It was Athena herself. The goddess listened to Arachne as she boasted.

Athena said, "I am sorry to find you so proud and boastful. It is not right to boast."

She touched Arachne with her spindle and said, "You and yours shall spin forever."

Arachne became a spider. She spins and weaves to this day, but she never boasts.

She is very happy and loves to weave. You can see her web between the rafters of the barn almost any day.

Arachne	maiden	weaver	wondered
boastful	appeared	grieved	touched

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

A little boy took care of eight sheep. He led them to the pasture. He watched them so a wolf would not carry them away.

One day he thought he would play a joke. He thought he would frighten the people by telling them the wolf was in the pasture.

So he ran into the village and cried, "Help! Help! The wolf! The wolf!"

The people dropped their work and took their guns. They ran out to the field to kill the wolf. There was no wolf there, and the boy laughed at them.

The next day he thought he would play the same joke. So he ran again into the village. He cried, "Help! Help! The wolf! The wolf!"

Again the people dropped their work and ran to kill the wolf. But there was no wolf to be seen, and the boy laughed.

The third day the wolf really came. The boy was frightened and ran quickly to the village.

"Come quickly. The wolf is killing my sheep," he cried.

But they did not believe what he said because he had twice told a lie. So his sheep were killed.

eight	sheep	twice	thought
would	village	really	watched



THE SHEEP

Here are sheep in a sheepfold. It is autumn, and the sheep have come in to keep warm. They tramp around with their little feet in the straw.

What warm coats of wool the sheep have! They do not need a fire to keep them warm. They need only a sheepfold with straw on the ground, and hay in the racks.

Do you know how the farmer made the drinking trough? What was it before he cut it? What do you think the two sheep are

looking at? Why does the farmer keep sheep? Have you anything made of wool?



GOING VISITING

Kate put on her mother's bonnet and spectacles. She put on a long skirt too. May dressed just like her. They went to the front door and rang the bell.

Their mother did not know them till May said, "How do you do, Mrs. Green?"

Mrs. Green laughed and said, "Come in." They made a short visit and left their cards on the hall table. Then they said "Good-bye."

"Come again," said Mrs. Green. "Good-bye."



Some were yellow and some red.

We found acorns and acorn cups. They looked like tiny cups and saucers. The only flowers we saw were goldenrod and asters.

We scraped our feet along on the ground. The dry leaves made a rustling noise.

We love autumn and its colored leaves. The brightest colored leaves are beautiful when pressed. They can be mounted on cardboard and hung up on the wall.

ground rustling beautiful mounted



THE SONG OF THE LARK

This girl lives in France. She has been working in the field. It is early morning, for the sun is just rising. You can see the sun in the tree tops.

Up in the sky, above the sun, is a little black speck. That is the lark which sings

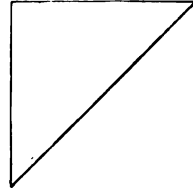
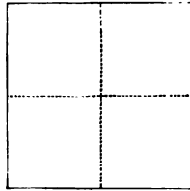
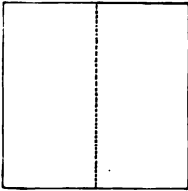
so beautifully in the morning. The girl has stopped her work and is listening to the song of the lark.

The next time you hear a bird sing, stop and listen. Would you rather listen to a blue jay or a bob-o-link? Which bird, of all the birds you know, has the sweetest song?

morning
lark

listening
sweetest

beautifully
bob-o-link



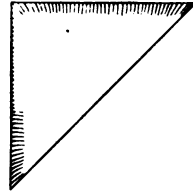
PAPER FOLDING

1. We folded the right edge over to the left edge. This gave us a book.

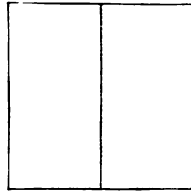
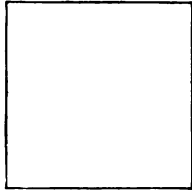
2. Then we folded the front edge to the back edge. This made a window.

3. We took a new piece of paper and folded the lower right hand corner over to the upper left hand corner. This made a shawl.

The teacher told us to take our scissors and fringe the edges of the shawl. We made a shawl of red paper afterwards, all by ourselves.

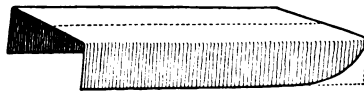


The next day we took a piece of white paper, four inches long and four inches wide. This is called a square.



We folded it and made two oblongs. We played this was a book and wrote our spelling words in it.

For seat work we can make the sled all by ourselves.



edges	scissors	fringe	afterwards
corner	square	piece	ourselves
paper	oblong	shawl	inches

A FINGER STORY

I have —— fingers and —— toes. This is my thumb. My forefinger is next. Then comes my middle finger. The next is my ring finger. The tiny one is my little finger.



One hand has —— fingers and —— thumb. What would I do without my hand? I could not eat or write. I could not play marbles or hold a book to read.

A hand is better than a paw because it is more useful. I can do more with it.

Mamma and I put baby's hand on a paper and drew around it with a pencil. We sent it to papa in a letter. Papa was pleased because it was baby's hand.

I am going to draw my hand on paper and then cut it out and paste it on colored paper. I know papa would like to see it.

thumb middle pencil because



BRUTUS

Brutus was a coal black horse. He once lived in an engine house. He helped draw the engine to the fire.

When he grew old, a milkman bought him. He drove him to the city with milk every day. One day the fire bells rang. Brutus heard them, and away he galloped.

No one could stop him. When he reached the fire, he stood quite still. He was not afraid of the flames.

But where were the milk cans?

They were scattered all along the road.
The milk was pouring out of them.

“You may be a very fine horse,” said the milkman that night, “but it will never do to hitch you to a milk wagon again.”

engine	bought	Brutus	heard
galloped	could	afraid	scattered

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

One day a lion was sleeping under a tree.
A mouse ran over his back and wakened him.

He caught the mouse in his paws and roared. He was angry, and said, “I will teach you to waken me. I will eat you up.”

“Oh,” begged the mouse, “please let me go. I did not know you were a lion. If I were as big as you, I would not hurt a mouse.”

The lion felt ashamed and let the mouse go. The mouse said, “Thank you. Perhaps some day I can help you.” The lion laughed to think of a tiny mouse helping a big lion.

One day the lion was out walking. He walked into a net which hunters had spread. They wished to catch him for a circus. The lion roared, and the other beasts ran to help him. They could do nothing.



The mouse ran up and said, "Perhaps I can help you." The lion laughed, but the mouse said, "Wait and see."

She quietly nibbled the ropes with her sharp teeth. She set the lion free.

The lion thanked the mouse. He never laughed at a small creature again.



THE THREE BEARS

I

Three bears lived in a house in the woods. They were good bears and hurt no one. One morning their porridge was too hot to eat. So they took a walk while it cooled.

A little girl named Silverlocks came up to the house. She did not know that it belonged to a bear family.

The door was open, and she walked in. She went into the dining room. There she saw the three bowls of porridge on the table. Three chairs were standing near the table.

There was a huge bowl and a huge chair, a middle sized bowl and a middle sized chair, a very tiny bowl and a very tiny chair.

She was hungry, so she tasted the porridge in the great huge bowl. That was too hot.

She tasted the porridge in the middle sized bowl. That was too cold.

She tasted the porridge in the tiny bowl. That was just right. So she ate all of it.

She thought she would sit down to rest.

She climbed into the great huge chair. That was too hard.

She climbed into the middle sized chair. The cushions made that too soft.

She sat in the tiny chair. That was just right. And there she sat till the bottom fell out.

She entered a very large room with a very large bed in it. "This is just the place to lie down," she said. But she found the pillows too hard.

She entered a middle sized room with a middle sized bed in it. She lay down, but the pillows were too soft.

She went into a very tiny room with a very tiny bed in it. The bed was just right, and she lay in it till she was fast asleep.

porridge Silverlocks belonged family



II

The three bears returned home from their walk. They were ready to eat their porridge. The father bear looked at his bowl.

“Who has been at my porridge?” he grumbled, in a very gruff voice.

“Who has been at my porridge?” said the mother bear, in an everyday voice.

“Who has been at my porridge and eaten it all up?” squeaked the baby bear, in a very shrill voice.

The other bears ran to look into the baby bear's bowl. Sure enough, all the porridge was gone. The father bear looked around the room. He saw his chair disturbed.

"Who has been sitting in my chair?" he roared.

"Who has been sitting in my chair?" called the mother bear.

"Who has been sitting in my chair and sat the bottom out?" piped the baby bear.

The other bears ran to look at the baby bear's chair. Sure enough, the bottom was out. They went upstairs to search the house.

"Who has been lying in my bed?" roared the father bear.

"Who has been lying in my bed and crushed the pillows?" cried the mother bear.

"Who has been lying in my bed?" shrieked the baby bear. "Oh, here is a little girl."

The other bears ran to the baby bear's bed. Sure enough, there lay Silverlocks. The little baby bear reached out to touch her. Just then she awoke.

She was so frightened when she saw the three bears that she jumped out of an open window near the bed. She ran home as fast as she could.

“Oh, let me run after her,” cried the baby bear.

“No,” said the father bear, “she has been frightened enough.”

“Let us put our beds in order, and mend the baby’s chair. Then we will divide our porridge and have our breakfast,” said the kind mother bear.

voice	grumbled	returned	squeaked
enough	search	thundered	divide





THE RAINBOW

On summer evenings Hiawatha loved to sit at the door of his wigwam. He could hear the winds whispering in the trees. He could hear the water rippling on the shore.

Sometimes he saw the rainbow in the eastern sky. His grandmother was Nokomis. He asked her, "What is that beautiful circle in the sky?"

Nokomis replied, "That is the heaven of flowers. All the wild flowers of the forest go there when they fade and die.

"All the lilies and the violets and the roses blossom again in the rainbow. That is why there are so many colors." Can you draw Hiawatha in the door of his wigwam?

whispering eastern Nokomis circle heaven

A DINNER PARTY

My dolls' names are Maggie, John, and Mary. I am going to set them at my little table, and have a party.

John must have the high chair because he is the baby.

Will you have some bread, Maggie? Mary, you must be a good girl. Please eat slowly.

You have no napkin. Excuse me, I will get you one.

Would you like a drink of water, John? This is such good water. It came from the spring under the birch tree.

Now, babies, this is my birthday. That is why I dressed you in your white dresses. I am seven years old.

Maggie, John would like some milk in his bowl. Can you pour him some? Do not spill it on my new table cloth.



No, Mary, you cannot have any tea. It is bad for babies. When you get older you may have some. You better drink some milk. That will make you grow big.

How do you like your new dress, Maggie?

It has some real lace on the yoke. Please do not spill any sauce on it.

I have a surprise for you. Excuse me, and I will bring it. You cannot guess what it is.

It is a lovely cake with white frosting on the top. Pass your plate, John, and I will give you some.

Would you like a piece, Maggie? Mary, I am going to give you a big piece because you have been such a good girl.

Now, babies, fold your napkins. We will have another party next year.

bread	napkin	excuse	please	sauce
birthday	birch	surprise	yoke	another



MY PUSSY

Pussy, Pussy, come here, Pussy. You are a good cat. You are a nice cat. Your fur is so soft and beautiful.

Now, Pussy, you must be my doll. Hold still, now, and I will wash your head. Here is the soap and water and here is the wash rag.



Now your head is all covered with lather. "Mew!" said Pussy, "the soap is in my eyes."

Dear me, I will wash it out right away. Now I will wipe all the lather off and dry your head with a towel.

Your ears need washing, and so does your neck. Now, Pussy, give me your paws, and I will wash them. You run around on the ground so much that they are very dirty.

One, two, three, four paws all washed clean.
Now, Pussy, here is a spoon and here is some
milk. Open your mouth and I will feed you.
Is that a good dinner, Pussy?

“Mew, mew!” said Kitty; “of course it is.”

Where is my blanket, and where is my
dear little rocking chair? Lay your head
on my arm and go to sleep, Pussy. Go to
sleep, my baby. Now I will put you in your
cradle, and you will have a long nap.

While Baby is asleep, I must hurry with
my work. This room needs sweeping and
dusting. Here is my broom and dust pan.
“Swish, swish!” went the little broom into
every nook and corner, all over the room.

I wonder if I can make this bed before
Baby wakes. I smooth out the sheets and
spread on the blanket.

Dear me, I hear my baby crying! I must
rock her to sleep again.

lather	towel	ground	course
cradle	corner	smooth	blanket



THE GOLDEN GIFT

There once lived a king called Midas. He was very fond of gold. One day he was counting his gold in a dark cellar.

A man came in and said, "Make one wish, and it will be granted." Midas replied, "I wish each thing I touch may turn to gold." "You may have your wish," said the stranger, and vanished.

Midas went to the palace. There he touched his books, and they turned to gold. He touched his pictures. They also turned

to gold. He touched his table, and it at once became gold.

At the dinner table he put a piece of potato in his mouth. It turned to hard gold so he could not swallow it.

He tried a piece of fish. That, too, turned to gold. He felt sorry that he could eat nothing.

His little daughter came in. He kissed her, and she instantly became gold.

"Oh, my little Marigold," cried King Midas, "change back again. I want you to be my little girl. I want you to talk, and laugh, and run." But Marigold could not move, for she was now a golden statue.

King Midas felt very sad. He shut himself in his room and wept.

The stranger came into the room. "Do you like your gift?" he asked. "No! No! Take it away," cried poor Midas. "Bathe three times in the river to make yourself pure," said the stranger. "Then fill a jug with water and sprinkle each thing you have turned into gold. It will change back again."

King Midas at once did as the man bade him. When he had Marigold safe in his arms, he said, "I do not want to see gold again. I will give all my gold to the poor."

He did as he said, and was happier than he had ever been before.

bade	daughter	Marigold
touch	instantly	counting



A BIRD'S NEST

Mary lives in a big city. One summer she lived on a large farm.

The turkey gobbler frightened her very much. He ran toward her with his feathers spread out, saying, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

Mary never saw one before. The farmer said the gobbler did not like her red necktie.

The geese gave Mary another scare. They ran toward her, with their necks stretched out and their mouths open. They said "Sssssss."

Mary had great fun on the top of a big load of hay. How the horses pulled to draw it in the barn door!

The sweetest things that Mary saw on the whole farm were three little birds.

She went down the path one morning toward the lake. In a beech tree she saw a little round nest. Mary pulled the branches down a little and looked in. What do you think she saw? Three little birds with their big mouths.

Their mouths were wide open for food. The little birds had no feathers yet. When it is cold, the mother bird spreads her wings over them.

It was very cozy under her warm feathers. There she is sitting on the top of the next tree, waiting for Mary to go away.



She has a worm in her mouth. How cruel it would be to kill her with a sling shot! Then the little ones would die.

Mary visited these little friends every day, for several weeks. They grew larger and larger. Their feathers grew, and then the nest was too small for them.

One day Mary found the nest empty. What had become of the birds? Can you tell?

Can you find a nest and watch the birds grow? You can make a bird's nest if you try.

several	rattan	mouths	cruel
cozy	stretches	spreads	morning
watch	found	visited	frightened

FEEDING THE BIRDS

Did you ever see a nest of young birds? Did you ever watch the mother bird drop the food into their hungry beaks?

Did you notice how careful she was to give each bird his share? Did you see how eager each bird was for his turn to come?

Here is a picture of another mother. She, too, has her little hungry nestlings to feed. See how they sit in a row on the low door-stoop.

Each bends eagerly forward as the spoon is held to him. They are as hungry as the baby birds.

The patient mother bird will always see

that her babies have enough to eat. This mother, too, will care for her little helpless ones.



She will see that the bowl she holds is never empty. Is she not a kind, good mother?

hungry
beaks

eager
nestlings

patient
enough

TREE PLANTING

A man once wanted to have an orchard. He sent for one hundred apple trees. When they came, he was called to another city on business. He engaged an old man to plant the trees. Then he went away.

He was gone four days. When he returned, only six of the trees were planted.

"How is this?" he said. "Have you planted only six trees in four days?"

"Yes," replied the old man. "But these trees are well planted. I dug deep holes. I got rich soil from the woods to put around the roots. They will grow well."

"That is too slow work for me," said the man. "I will plant the rest myself." He did so. But he planted them so quickly that he could not plant them well.

They grew for a little while, but soon died. The six trees which had been well planted are still in the orchard. They bear delicious apples each year.



WHY I LOVE PRINCE

Prince goes with me to school. He waits patiently outside for me while I learn to read and write.

I often read him stories, and he wags his tail and looks as if he understood. You ought to see him look wise, when I tell him what I am going to do as soon as I am a man.

He is never cross to me, and he never in his life scolded me. It seems as if he always loves me, and of course I always love him.

Prince is noble and true. I do not think he could tell a lie. He is big and strong, and nobody dares touch me when he is by.

It is real fun to go for the cows with him. I know he likes it, from the way he runs and barks. When we come to the pond, he likes to run after the sticks I throw in.

Nobody is so good to me as Prince. Nobody is so kind and faithful. Nobody in the world is so happy and full of fun as my Prince. Indeed, I do love him.

Prince	course	patiently	scolded
touch	nobody	faithful	understood

THE THREE BUTTERFLIES

Three butterflies were caught in a shower of rain. One was white, one was yellow, and one was brown. They were far from home and knew not what to do.

They saw a white tulip and flew to her. "Please will you take us into your home?" they called. "I will take only the white but-

terfly. Her wings are the color of my house.”
“If you will not take my friends, I shall not come in,” said the butterfly.

They flew to a yellow tulip. “Please may we come into your house until the rain is over?” “Only the yellow butterfly may come in. Her wings are the color of my house.” “If you will not take my friends, I shall not come in,” said the butterfly.

They flew to a brown tulip. “Please may we come into your house until the rain is over?” they asked. “The brown butterfly may come in. Her wings are the color of my house.” “If you will not take my friends, I shall not come in,” said the butterfly.

Just then they heard an elm tree call to them. “Come to me, little friends,” she said, “I will shelter all. My house is big, my branches are wide.”



So they flew to her. Each butterfly clung to the under side of a leaf. The rain beat on the top of the leaves. It did not touch the butterflies beneath.

They stayed there until the storm was ended. They thanked the good tree who had been kind to them all.

butterflies	please	shelter
caught	color	beneath

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP

I went past the blacksmith's shop. Dear me, what a noise I heard! I peeped in at the open door, and I saw the smith. He had on a leather apron, and his sleeves were rolled up to his elbow. His arms were strong as iron.

Farmer Gray's horse had lost a shoe, and the smith was putting on a new one. The horse kicked when the smith hammered the shoe. The smith said, "Whoa, boy! Stand over there." Whack, whack, clang, clang, how the sparks flew from the hot iron!



Ssssss went the water when the hot iron was put into it. The horse's hoof was cleaned and pared. Then the blacksmith took some bright steel nails and fastened the shoe on.

"There, farmer Gray, your horse has a new shoe. Hitch up and drive home to your farm."

With these words, the smith placed the tire of a wheel into the forge. Puff, puff, went the bellows, and the fire blazed red hot.

The iron soon was all aglow. How the sparks fly again as they hammer it on the anvil! What would the horses do without the blacksmith?

noise	apron	elbow	whack	securely
wheel	forge	bellows	anvil	another

CLYTIE

Clytie lived in a cave at the bottom of the sea. She was tall and graceful. Her hair was a golden yellow, and her eyes a dark brown. The dress she wore was a beautiful sea green.



The floor of the cave was made of sand strewn with sea shells. On the walls were pearls and amber and beautiful red coral. The water in the cave and all around was green and very still.

It was four miles straight up through the sea to the top of the water, where the sun shone. The turtles and fishes told her of the great king who made everything so bright and beautiful.

Clytie longed to see the sun king. She stepped into a sea shell, and the turtles pulled it as horses do a carriage. Red and yellow

gold fishes whipped up the turtles with their fins and guarded her carriage.

Up they went through the water to the top. They landed on an island and went up a hill.

They heard the dewdrops say, "Here is the king; we must put on our ribbons of blue and gold and our diamonds to meet him!"

The leaves began to dance on the tree. The buttercups and daisies nodded their heads and said, "Good morning." The birds sang, "Here is our king. Here is our king. Tee wit, tee wit. How grand and good he is."

Clytie saw that everybody loved the king. She wished she could be like him. She wanted to make everybody as happy as he did.

Every day she rode in her sea shell to see the sun until she changed into a brown and yellow sunflower. She lives now on the earth. Her face is always turned toward the sun, because she loves him.

The yellow petals used to be her yellow hair: the brown center was her eyes. The green stalks and leaves were her sea green

dress. Her feet are now the roots of the sunflower.

The sun king sent her into many lands. Her bright face brings happiness and gladness wherever she goes.

pearls amber turtles carriage guarded
center ribbon daisies everybody diamonds

THE GREEDY HEN

A little brown cock and a little white hen lived on the top of a hill. They were very happy together.

All summer long they chased the butterflies and scratched for seeds. But winter came and food was scarce. They almost starved. At last not a seed or a nut was to be found. The cock said to his little wife, "We will go in different ways and search for food. If I find a nut, I will call you and give you half. If you find one, call me to share it with you."

So she promised.

The little cock looked all day, but could not find a nut. The little hen on the other side

of the hill could find none. At last, very weary, she was about to turn for home— suddenly she saw something on the ground.

It was a nut! How her eyes glistened and oh! how hungry she felt. She opened her beak to call the little cock, but quickly closed it. “If I do not call, he will not know I have found a nut. I can have it all myself.”



So she quickly snatched it up. But the nut was so large it stuck in her throat. She sputtered and coughed and was choking.

She called out to the little cock, “Fetch water, fetch water, I am choking.” The cock ran to a stream and filled a nut shell with water. But it was too late. When he came back he found the greedy hen dead.

fetch	promised	hungry	coughed
scarce	suddenly	sputtered	together

THE FIVE LITTLE SEEDS

Five little seeds were talking together. There were an acorn, an apple seed, a dandelion seed, a burr, and a seed from the basswood tree.

“How did you get here, little acorn?” said the apple seed. I did not know there was an oak tree near this place.”



“There is not,” replied the acorn. “I lived many miles from here, on the top of a hill. When I was full grown, my mother tree said, ‘Good-bye, little one. Grow into a fine tree.’

“I felt myself falling. I soon touched the hill and began to roll. I rolled straight into a river. The river carried me gently for miles. Then it said, ‘Here is a good place for an oak tree.’ It tossed me up on



the shore, and here I am. How did you come here?”

The apple seed answered, “Did you see that

man water his horses just now?
 He was eating an apple. He ate
 to the core where I was hidden.
 I jumped out, and here I am."



"How did you get down here, little dandelion seed?" asked the acorn. "I, too, lived far away," answered the dandelion. "I once wore a gay yellow dress. Then I put on this gauzy white one. I said, 'I should like to go where I can do the most good.' Mr. Wind heard me. He said, 'I will take you to that place.' My dress is light and fluffy. Mr. Wind carried me easily, and here I am."



"I have no light, fluffy dress, but the wind helped me too," said the bass-wood seed. "See the beautiful sail I carry. It is easy to travel miles and miles with such a sail and Mr. Wind as guide."

"I think I shall travel a little farther. There is not

room for three trees here. Good-bye," he called as Mr. Wind whirled him away.

"I, too, will go a little farther. Good-bye," called the acorn. A little wave came up and carried him away.

"Now there are only three of us left," said the apple seed. "Tell us your story, Mr. Burr."

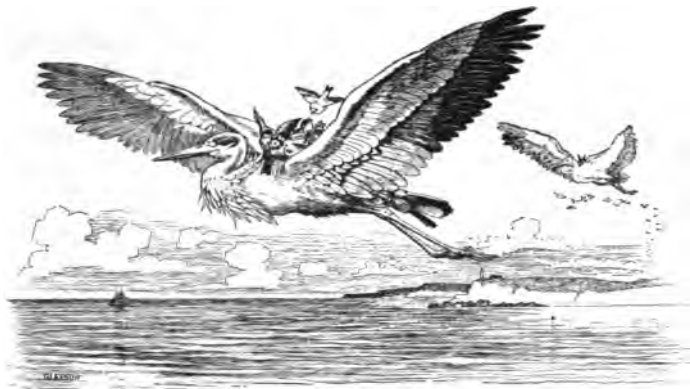


"I lived in dense woods," said the burr. "Mary and Elsie were gathering violets. As they passed me, I took tight hold of Mary's dress. She did not see me until she came here to sail her boat. Then she took me off and threw me here."

"Let us go to sleep now," said the apple seed. "It is growing cold. In the spring we shall awaken. Then we can tell each other what we have dreamed."

What do you think they will look like when they wake up in the spring?

dandelion	straight	easily	guide
bass wood	answered	threw	whirled



THE LITTLE BIRDS AND THE CRANE

Six little birds lived in Germany. When the weather grew cold they said, "We will go to Africa for the winter. It is always warm there."

So they flew south, but soon came to a large sea. It is called the Mediterranean Sea. They sat down to rest.

"We must cross this sea in order to reach Africa," said one little bird.. "I am afraid we can never cross it. Our wings are too small to carry us over.

"Perhaps a boat will come. Then we can perch on it and be carried across." So they waited a long time for a boat, but none came.

A large fish swam by. "Will you carry us to Africa?" called one of the little birds. "No," said the fish, "I live under water. If you get on my back, you will drown.

"Perhaps the cranes will take you over. They carry little birds across on their backs each year." And away swam the fish.

Soon the little birds heard a great noise. They looked up and saw some large birds flying by. They had broad wings, long beaks, and very long legs.

"Those must be the cranes," said one. "Yes," cried another; "see the birds on their backs. Here comes one who has not many birds to carry. Perhaps he will take us."

They called to him as loudly as they could. "Yes, I will take you. Jump on quick and hold tight," he cried.

They were on his back in a twinkling. Each held as fast as he could to the crane's back. He carried them safely to Africa.

Germany

Africa

Mediterranean

WHEAT FLOUR

A farmer plowed some land and sowed some wheat. The rain fell and the sun shone, and this made the grain swell and burst. Up from the ground came the green leaves.

Day by day they grew to be tall stalks of grain, until the wheat ears came to the top. Then the grain field turned golden, and the reaping machine came and cut it down.

The men bound it into sheaves and loaded it on the big wagon. At the barn it was threshed and put into bags. The farmer then piled it on the wagon again and took it to the grist mill. Here it passed between two big stones and was ground to flour.

Again it was loaded on the wagon and carried home. The farmer's wife made it into graham bread. Graham bread is more wholesome than white bread.

flour	reaping	wholesome
sowed	machine	graham
burst	sheaves	between



JACK'S STOCKING

Santa Claus came down Jack's chimney on Christmas eve. His pack was full of toys.

He looked at Jack's stocking. "I must fill that full to the top," he said. "Jack is such a good boy. He helps his mother and he helps his teacher."

So he began to fill the stocking. He put in a bag of marbles, a singing top, a book, a toy ship, a bag of candy, and an orange.

He held the stocking up. "Well," he said, "no one could put another thing in this stocking."

"Squeak!" said a little mouse at his side. "I can put in one thing more."

Santa said, "No, little mouse, you cannot; the stocking is full to the top."

"Let me try," said the mouse. "Shut your eyes, Santa, till I have put it in."

So Santa closed his eyes. "Ready!" said the mouse. What do you think Santa saw? A little hole right in the toe of the stocking! That was the one thing more the mouse could put in.

Santa laughed so hard that he wakened Jack. He just had time to scamper up the chimney before Jack jumped out of bed.

All Jack saw was a stocking full of toys, and a tiny mouse scampering to his hole.

He did not know Santa Claus was so near.

chimney

squeak

stocking

teacher

ready

scampering

THE CHRIST CHILD

The inn at Bethlehem was full of people. There was no room for Mary and Joseph, so they slept in the barn with the camels.

In the manger on the straw lay a little baby fast asleep. What a strange cradle!

A bright light streamed from the manger. It lights up all the barn. We can see the straw and the posts. There is no lantern or lamp. The beautiful light is coming from the baby in the manger. Is this not strange?

Some wise men in the far East heard of this baby. They mounted their camels and traveled many miles toward Bethlehem.

The land was strange through which they traveled. A large bright star shone in the heavens, and guided them.

They had been told to follow the star. What a strange guide! The beautiful star moved on before them, and guided them all the way.

Why were they going to Bethlehem? I will tell you. They had gifts of precious



gold and ointment in bags on the backs of camels.

These were for the Christ Child.

At last the star stopped over the inn at Bethlehem. The wise men saw the light in the

manger and knew they had found the King.
This was the Christ Child they had longed to see.

They fell down and worshiped him and
said, "We have found the King." Then they
gave their gifts to the child and journeyed
home to the East.

This was the first Christmas, and this child
was indeed the Christ.

people	manger	straw	camels	mounted
guide	journeyed	lantern	Bethlehem	

A CHRISTMAS STORY

It was Christmas eve, a wild, stormy night.
The snow fell fast and the wind blew cold.
Few people were on the streets, for most were
indoors around the Christmas tree.

A dark little object was moving along in
the snow. It was a poor little boy. His coat
was ragged and his shoes were torn. His
hat was full of holes, and his lips and hands
were blue with the cold. He stopped in
front of a large house. "What a warm fire

they have and what a big Christmas tree! I think they will let me in to warm myself."

So he rang the bell. But the man who



opened the door said, "Away with you! We want no beggars here." And away went the poor child.

From the next house streamed a bright light. "Oh, here they will surely take me in," he said. But they also sent him away.

So from house to house he wandered, but no one would take him in. His hands grew colder; he was almost too weary to move.

Presently he saw a little light in the window of a small cottage. "I will try once more," he said; "it may be they will let me in."

"You poor little boy! Come in and get warm," said the woman who opened the door. She took him on her lap by the fire, and rubbed his cold, stiff hands.

She gave him hot milk to drink. Her little girl brought him bread and a warm coat. "You are so good to me," he said. "I was cold, and ye clothed me; I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink. Peace be unto you forever more."

As he spoke, a glorious light filled the room. When the light died out, the little boy was gone. Only a bunch of white peace lilies lay in the mother's lap.

"We have indeed been blessed to-night," said the mother; "it was the Christ Child."

blew	streamed	weary	beggar
presently	front	thirsty	peace
torn	surely	glorious	clothed



THE LITTLE FOXES

These three little fellows with such bright eyes say to us: "Our home is in a hollow tree. It is warm and snug inside.

"We do not need any fire, because we have a warm coat of fur which keeps the cold out.

“ We do not know where our mother went, but she will soon be back. She has been gone all night, and it is now early morning.

“ We are very hungry and expect her to bring us something to eat. Some fat ducks live in a barn a mile away. We often have one to eat.

“ Mother says we must stay home and keep out of the traps the farmer set for us. He would like to sell our fur coats to some rich man for an overcoat. The farmer does not like us to eat his ducks; but, dear me, we must have something to eat.”

hollow because foxes paws

THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE BEE

“ Let us keep house together,” said the mouse to the bird and the bee.

“ Yes, I know of the very best place to build the nest,” said the bird. “ We will build it in the branch of the elm tree just above our heads. We shall be far away from

the pussy cats there. The wind will rock our babies to sleep."

"But my babies squeak if they are rocked," said Mrs. Mouse. "They do not like it. Besides, they would be sure to fall if they were up so high. They would break their little necks. Then, too, it is so light it would make their eyes weak."

"No, the best place for our nest is in the ground, inside a hollow tree. It is warm and dark there, and no one will find us."



"In the ground, indeed!" said the bird. "So you think I would take my babies in the ground! They would smother there. Besides, they need all the light they can get."

"You would better not quarrel, but listen to me," said the bee. "The best place to build is in this beehive. It is not so high but that we can carry the honey in without much trouble. If we lived on the elm branch, I should be too tired to carry the honey so

high. If we lived in the ground, I should catch cold. So let us build in this nice hive."

"And have the kitty eat our babies. No, indeed," said the mouse. And, "No, indeed," echoed the bird.

"Well, since we cannot agree, let each build his own home. The bird can build his on the branch of the elm tree. The mouse can build his in the ground, in the hollow of the elm tree. I will build mine in this hive under the elm tree. So we shall see each other often even though we do not live together."

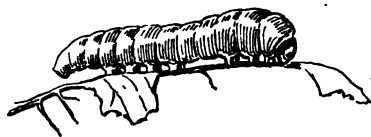
"Squeak, squeak," said the mouse as she ran to the hollow tree.

"Buzz, buzz," said the bee, as he began to gather honey.

"Tir-a-lee, tir-a-lee," sang the bird, high in the boughs of the old elm tree.

elm	squeak	smother
hive	honey	quarrel
build	hollow	echoed





MRS. CATERPILLAR

Mrs. Green Caterpillar was eating cabbage leaf. Mrs. White Butterfly came and laid some tiny eggs on the leaf.

"Take care of my babies, when they waken," she said to the caterpillar. Then she flew away.

"How shall I take care of butterflies?" said the caterpillar. "I think they eat honey, but I do not know. Perhaps Rover can tell me."

So she asked the dog Rover what baby butterflies ate.

"I think they would enjoy a good bone," said Rover.

"Oh, no, indeed, they could not eat a bone. They have no teeth," said Mrs. Caterpillar.

"Perhaps Tiny, the kitty, will know."

"I should think they would like a nice mouse," said Tiny.

"No, they could not eat that. Perhaps Mrs. Lark can tell me."

"I will find out for you," sang Mrs. Lark, and flew away.

Soon she returned, and said, "I have a wonderful secret to tell you. Those eggs will not hatch into butterflies. They will hatch into caterpillars.

"The caterpillars will not want honey to eat. They will eat cabbage leaf. That is why Mrs. Butterfly laid them on the leaf.

"When they have eaten enough, they will spin cocoon blankets. They will wrap the blankets about them and sleep. In a few weeks they will waken and come out beautiful, white butterflies.

"I have another secret to tell you. Some day you, too, will be a beautiful, white butterfly. Good-by."

Mrs. Caterpillar could scarcely believe it. "We will wait and see," she said.

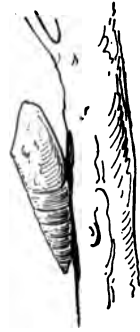
One morning she went to look at the eggs. Instead of eggs, she found little green baby

caterpillars. They were eating cabbage leaf as quickly as they could.

“Oh!” said she, “what the lark has told me must be true.”

The baby caterpillars ate so many leaves they grew quite fat. Then they grew tired and sleepy. So each spun a little blanket and went to sleep.

Many days after they came out of their blankets. They were no longer little green caterpillars who liked to eat cabbage leaf.

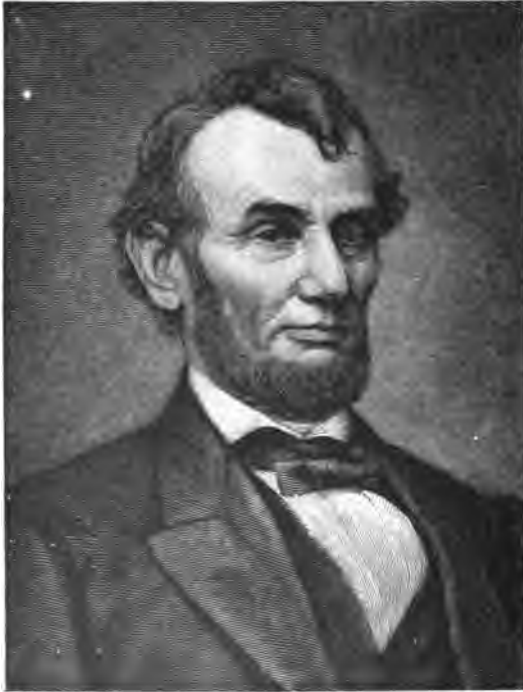


They were lovely white butterflies. Each flew to a flower for a breakfast of honey.

“I, too, will weave my blanket,” said the caterpillar, “and change into a butterfly.”

The last I saw of her, she was snugly wrapped up, sound asleep.

caterpillar	laid	honey	teeth
cabbage	eating	breakfast	hatch
wonderful	cocoon	enjoy	weave



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This is a picture of one of the greatest men that ever lived. His name is Abraham Lincoln.

He was a poor boy. He worked in the fields and helped chop wood. Even when he was a very little boy he worked all day long.

He was too poor to go often to school. But he was eager to learn. He had no books of his own, so he borrowed some.

One book he borrowed was called "The Life of Washington." He was very fond of reading it. He kept it in a crack at the head of his bed.

One night there came a heavy rainstorm. The rain ran down the plaster and wet the book. Abraham thought it was ruined. He felt so sorry he almost cried.

He told the owner about it. He said to him, "I have no money, but I will work for you to pay for the book."

So the man let him work three days for him. Then he gave Abraham the book.

Often when Abraham was plowing, he carried a book with him. He studied while the oxen rested.

When he grew older, he read books of law. He became a lawyer and was a just, wise man. Everybody loved him.

He was so good and so wise that the

people made him President. That is the greatest honor that can be given any one in the United States.

He made a kind, strong, wise President. When he died, all were sorry.

People now are always glad when the twelfth of February comes. They remember that a great man was born on that day. They hang up pictures of Mr. Lincoln and tell their children about him.

Perhaps if you try hard to learn, and are kind, you too may be as much loved as Mr. Lincoln.

studied	president	oxen	family
lawyer	plowing	fields	twelfth

MAMIE'S VALENTINE

Mamie lived in the country. Her nearest friend, Edith, lived a mile away. They did not often see each other.

It was the fourteenth of February. All day long Mamie was wishing for a valen-

tine. Her father went to the post office three times. But he returned each time without a valentine for her.

"I wonder if Edith forgot it was Valentine's Day," said Mamie. "She has always



sent me two valentines before. Now there is not even one."

Just as she finished speaking, the doorbell rang. A man stood there with a little covered basket. "A valentine for Miss Mamie, from Miss Edith," he said.

A valentine in a basket! Who ever heard of such a thing?

But when Mamie opened the basket, she thought she had never seen so beautiful a valentine in all her life.

For there, cuddled in a corner, was the dearest little white dove she ever saw. It had pink eyes and little pink feet. Around its neck, tied by a pink ribbon, hung a tiny note. It read:—

“DEAR MAMIE: This is a carrier dove. Keep him in the house three days. Then tie a letter to his neck and open the window. He will fly to me. Then I will write a letter, and he will carry it to you. I hope you will like your valentine.

“Your loving friend,

“EDITH.”

Mamie did as Edith wished. She kept the dove three days and then let it fly from the window with a letter for her friend.

The next day it came back with a letter from Edith.

February fourteenth valentine cuddled



TINY

There was once a little kitty named Tiny. She lived under a barn next to a henhouse. The hens were fed the scraps from the table. The little kitty would eat these with the hens.

One night the man went to close the henhouse door. There was Tiny fast asleep on the perch with the hens. She slept with them night after night.

When it grew cold, the little girl took her into the house. Tiny had never been in a

house before. She was frightened and tried to jump through the windows.

After a while she grew quiet. She liked to lie near the stove. She learned to play hide-and-seek and catch with Mira.

There was one other thing she liked to do. Every chance she had she would jump on the piano and run up and down the keys.

In the spring she disappeared. She could not be found for three days. At last, one night she was found fast asleep in the nest in the henhouse. She had gone back to her old friends the hens.

One day Tiny took a long journey of three hundred miles. How do you suppose she did it? Why, in a basket, of course.

She was put in a basket and taken on the train in the morning. When the cover was lifted at night, she was in her new home.

She has been there ever since. She now has three baby kittens and is a very good mother. She takes care of them all day long.

The little kittens roll over her back and

tumble over each other. It is such fun to
watch them play!

scraps	jump	windows	disappeared
since	quiet	learned	frightened

JACK FROST

Little Jack Frost lives in the far North-land. He was busy all summer mixing paints. Finally, one October day, he had all the little paint pots filled. He rubbed his hands in glee.

“To-night, if North Wind will take me, I shall begin to paint the leaves,” he said. “I have so many to do before November, I must begin at once.”

North Wind said, “I shall be very glad to take you with me to-night. I must go to shake the nuts to the ground. Then what fun the children will have gathering them!”

So that night, when all were asleep, North Wind came down. He carried Jack Frost with him.

North Wind went from tree to tree shaking the nuts. Jack Frost hopped nimbly with him, painting the leaves.

He painted the chestnut leaves yellow and the soft maples yellow. The hard maple leaves he painted red and orange and yellow.

Next morning people said, "Oh, how cold it is! Jack Frost has been here. See what beautiful colors the leaves have."

Later, Jack Frost brought rich browns and dark reds and painted the oak leaves.

See if you can paint maple and oak leaves as Jack Frost does.

mixing	finally	nimbly	beautiful
paints	gathering	orange	colors

ANT BABIES

Queen Ant one day said, "It is time for me to lay eggs. Then I can have my children help take care of the house." So she went into a little room under the ground and laid some beautiful eggs.

Do you suppose these eggs hatched into ants? No, they hatched into little white wriggly things. They looked like worms and were called larvæ.

These little larvæ babies had to be taken care of. Some nurse ants that lived in the ant hill washed them. They did not put them into a bathtub as we do our babies. They licked them with their tongues to make them clean.

When the babies had been washed, they fed them with soft, sweet food. On bright days they carried them to the top of an ant hill. There the sun shone on them and warmed them.

By and by each tiny baby spun a fine blanket about itself. In their blankets the sleepy little things lay for some time.

When they wakened, what do you suppose came out of the blankets? Not larvæ babies, but ants. You would not think they looked much like ants.



On each little back were four wings. As soon as the ants came out, they crawled to the top of the ant hill. There the sun warmed them.

They said, "The world is so bright, we will fly away. We will make new homes of our own."

Many flew away without even saying "Good-by" to their mother. They flew until they found good places for houses. Then they did a curious thing. They unhooked the wings from their bodies. They let the wind blow the wings away. They had no further need of them.

Now they began to build their houses. They built halls, dining rooms, and pantries.

When they were finished, the queen ants laid the eggs. Soon the new nurses had new little larvæ babies to care for.

wriggly	larvæ	tongues
worms	nurse	bath
bright	curious	queen

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

In some hot countries ants grow to be very large. Sometimes an ant hill will be as large as a room. The bite of a large ant causes much pain.

One day one of these ants fell into a river. There was no stick or straw to cling to. He tried to swim, but could not.

A dove saw the ant's struggles. She threw him a leaf. The ant clung to the leaf and was carried to the shore.

Not long after this, a hunter was out shooting. He saw the dove and aimed his gun at her.

Just then the ant passed by. She saw that the hunter would kill the dove, so she bit his heel.

The man turned angrily around. The dove flew away. The dove had saved the ant's life. The ant also had saved the life of the dove.

large	struggles	aimed
causes	clung	angrily



A LITTLE HERO

Is not this a queer windmill? If you should go to Holland you would see many such windmills. Do you know where Holland is?

Holland is a country across the ocean. The land is so low that they have built great walls to shut out the water from the sea.

A little boy named Hans lived in Haarlem, a town in Holland. His father took care of one of the gates in the sea wall. When

the tide was out he would open the gate. Then the boats in the canal could pass out. When the tide began to rise again, he would close the gate. If he was not careful to close the gate, the water from the sea would rush through. Then the people would drown.

Hans took some cakes to a poor blind man one afternoon. On the way home he stopped by the roadside to gather flowers. Soon he found it was almost night. He started to run for home.

Just then he heard a strange noise. It sounded like water trickling over stones. The great sea wall was near, and he ran to look at it. There, near the top, he saw a little hole. The water was running through it.

He knew he must stop up the hole at once. If he did not do so, the water would make the hole larger. Then much water would rush in and drown the people.

He put his hand against the hole and called and called for help. No one heard him.

His hand grew numb. His arm grew numb

and ached very badly. Still he did not take his hand away. He stayed there all night.

In the morning, a man who was going along the road heard some one groan. He followed the sound and found Hans.

“What are you doing, little boy?” he asked.

“I am holding my hand against this hole to keep the water out.”

The man soon got some men to shut up the hole. He took brave little Hans home.

People said Hans was a hero, because he was so brave. Now every one calls him “the little hero of Haarlem.”

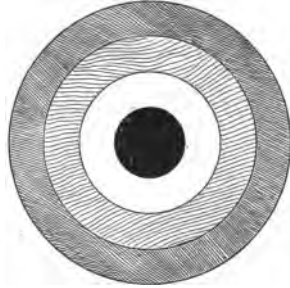
country	much	water	groan
ocean	noise	numb	stayed

TARGET SHOOTING

This is what Harold's papa read to him one night: “Indian boys were taught to shoot. Sometimes they practiced shooting at a mark all day long. They had no guns, but used bows and arrows to shoot with.”

The next day Harold told Tom about it. He said, "Let us play we are Indian boys. I know of a fine way to make a target."

So they hunted up old cardboard boxes and covers. When they had enough, Harold took a strip of cardboard an inch wide and about a foot long. Near one end he made a hole for a pencil point to fit in. Eight inches from that he put a strong pin. He called this his compass.



He took a piece of cardboard, and, with the compass he had made, drew a circle sixteen inches in diameter on it.

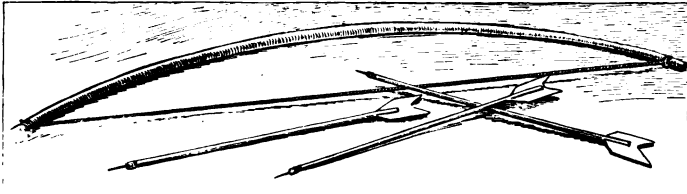
He then moved the pin two inches nearer the pencil point. He took another piece of cardboard and drew a circle twelve inches in diameter. When that was finished, he moved the pin two inches nearer the pencil again. He took a new piece of cardboard and made a circle eight inches in diameter.

Again he moved the pin two inches nearer the pencil point. On a new piece of cardboard he made a circle four inches in diameter.

Tom cut out the circles. They painted the biggest circle red, the second blue, the third white, and the smallest black.

On the red circle they pasted the blue, on the blue the white, and on the white the black. They nailed this to a tree.

"Now we must make the arrows," said Harold. He cut a strong switch that would



bend a little. Near each end of the stick he cut a little groove. He tied a string in one groove and drew it up so the stick made a nice curve. Then he fastened the string in the other groove.

He cut another switch, and into one end of it he forced a darning needle. "Don't you call that a fine arrow?" he said. Then the boys made several arrows just like it.


When both were finished, the boys began to shoot at the target. The one who shot



within the black circle, they called the Indian chief. They played at Indians day after day and had a good time.

practiced	inch	diameter	chief
target	point	compass	switch

THE STORY OF THE CORN



Hiawatha lived in a wigwam with his grandmother Nokomis. A hundred other Indians lived in wigwams near them.

The warriors could find no buffalo nor deer to eat. The squaws hunted all day, but could find no berries. Nobody brought anything home to eat, so the Indians were starving.

Hiawatha felt sorry for his hungry people. He went in to the big forest and prayed to the Great Spirit. He asked for food for his people. He was very weak from hunger and prayed for four days.

At sunset of the fourth day, a stranger came. He was dressed in green and yellow. His golden hair hung in curls on his forehead. He was tall and beautiful.

The stranger said, "The Great Spirit heard your prayer, Hiawatha. He has sent me to help you. Come and wrestle with me, and you shall have your prayer answered."

As they wrestled, Hiawatha grew stronger and stronger. Three days they wrestled, until Mondamin fell, all tired out. His strength was all gone, and he died.

Hiawatha made a bed in the earth and laid Mondamin in it. He covered him over with soft earth. In a few days two green plumes came up, and then another. Tall and straight they grew like Mondamin. A yellow tuft was at the top and silver hair grew and glistened in the sunlight.

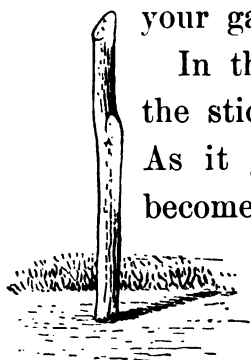
It was the maize, or corn, for the people to eat. It was to be the people's food forever. Hiawatha called the people to the feast and thanked the Great Spirit for sending good Mondamin.

maize	glistened	covered	warrior
Mondamin	wrestled	hunger	starving

TELLING THE TIME

Ever since the world began people have wanted to know the time. Almost the first clock we know about was a straight stick.

“How could a stick tell time?” you ask. If you will set up a straight, strong stick in your garden you will soon see.



In the morning, when the sun rises, the stick will have a very long shadow. As it grows nearer noon, the shadow becomes shorter and shorter.

At noon, when the sun is directly over our heads, there is almost no shadow. In the afternoon the shadow returns again.

But now it is on the other side of the stick. It gets longer and longer the later it grows. At last it is lost in the darkness.

Some people made a clock called a sundial. They put something in the yard that looked like a small table.

They fastened a bright piece of metal to the center of the top. This would throw a

shadow on the table. They made marks where some of the shadows ended.

When the shadow reached a certain mark, they knew it was time to send the children to school. When the shadow reached another mark, they knew it was time for the children to come home.

Perhaps your teacher will help you make a sundial. These clocks were very useful, but no one could tell the time in cloudy weather. They required the sun to throw the shadow.

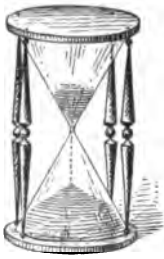


Some people used a clock called an hour-glass. It was shaped like dumb-bells, but was made of glass. It had a glass bulb at each end, and a glass tube joined them together.

One of the bulbs was filled with sand. The glass was set on the empty end. The sand from the filled end ran into the empty end.

It took an hour for all the sand to run

through. That is why it was called an hourglass.



It took many years before wise men thought of how to make the clock we use. Try to make a clock face.

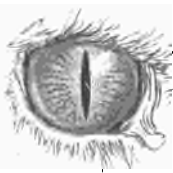
Fasten the hands to the center with a pin. Now turn the hands to the time you come to school. Then to the time you go home.

Most of you have a strange clock in your homes. It is a live clock that can run about.

Would it not be funny to run after your clock whenever you wanted to know the time?



Yet I am afraid that is what you would have to do. For the clock is your pussy cat.



Look at her eyes in the morning. You will find the pupils large and round. At noon they are like fine slits. In the afternoon they grow larger again.

Would it not be a joke to put kitty on the

table and then call mother to look at her new clock?

since	directly	school	bulbs
shadow	dial	tube	joke

WHO WINS?

Mr. Rabbit was one day walking with Miss Turtle. "Miss Turtle," he said, "you are a very slow walker. Does your mother ever send you to the mill pond for fish? It must be night before you reach it."

"Maybe it is," said Miss Turtle. "But I never stop until I do reach it."

"Well," laughed Bunnie, "I should like to race with you. The mill pond is two miles away. Let us have the race now. The first to reach the mill pond wins. Ready! Start!" and away leaped Bunnie.

He was very light-hearted. He knew he could reach the mill pond much sooner than Miss Turtle could.

The road was hot and dusty, and at noon Bunnie felt hungry.

“I will stop at that carrot patch for lunch,” he said. The carrots were very sweet. He nibbled and nibbled at them.

“Now I will go to the brook and get a



drink.” After he had taken a cool drink he felt very tired.

“I will take a nap in this hollow tree. Miss Turtle will not reach the mill pond until to-morrow.”

With a smile at the slow Miss Turtle, Bunnie fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile, poor Miss Turtle crept slowly

along. The sun was hot, and she was thirsty. But she did not stop for a drink. She was hungry, but she did not stop for luncheon. She was tired, but she did not stop for a nap. She kept on crawling and crawling.

At last she reached the tree in which Bunnie was asleep. She did not waken him, but crept quietly by. She reached the mill pond just as the sun went down.

When Bunnie awoke, it was quite dark. "I have slept longer than I expected to do," he said. He hopped nimbly along and soon reached the edge of the mill pond.

"I wonder how far back that slow Miss Turtle is," he said.

Just then he heard a rustle in the leaves in front of him. There was Miss Turtle! "At last you have come," she said. "I have grown tired of waiting for you."

You can imagine Bunnie's surprise.

"But how did you get here?" he cried.

"I just crawled and crawled," replied Miss Turtle.

“And I stopped for luncheon, for a drink, and for a nap,” said Bunnie. “Miss Turtle, I am glad you won the race, for you deserved to do so.”

turtle	reach	crawling	imagine
walking	meanwhile	nibbled	won
drink	luncheon	surprise	deserved

THE DOLL HOUSE

Papa gave Jamie a saw for his birthday. Mamma gave him a hammer, some nails, and gilt tacks. Susie gave him a box of water-color paints.

Of course he wished to use his tools at once. “What shall I make?” he asked.

“I have a good idea,” said Mamma. “In three weeks Susie will have a birthday. Suppose you make a playhouse for her dolls. Let her help make it. It will be much more fun than doing it alone.”

The children took a wooden soap box from the basement. They nailed a board across

the center for a partition. They papered all the walls.

"Let us have one room for the dining room and the other for a bedroom," said Susie. They made a rug out of a piece of carpet for the dining-room floor. In the bed-



room they nailed a piece of tea-chest covering for matting.

A carpenter gave them nine one-inch cubes. They used these for the bottom parts of chairs. For the backs they sawed thin pieces of wood two inches long and one inch wide.

For the dining room, they painted six of the chair backs and bottoms black. They cut one-inch squares of leatherette. They

nailed them to the chair bottoms with gilt tacks, for leather seats. Next they nailed the two parts of the chair together, and they were ready for use.

For the dining table they sawed a circular piece of wood, five inches in diameter. This they also painted black. They painted a large spool black and glued the table top to it.

For the bedroom they painted three chairs brown. They used a small wooden box, with high sides, for the bed. They cut the footboard half as high as the headboard. The sides they cut a little lower than the footboard. For the legs, they cut strong sticks one inch long and nailed them on. They sewed sheets, blankets, and pillows for it.

For a bureau they used a cigar box. They tore off the cover and stood the box on end. Then they sawed the two long sides through the middle to the back. The upper half of these they removed. The short end at the top was now nailed on the lower half. It was the top of the bureau.

They sawed two solid blocks to fit for drawers. They used tiny picture screws for handles. They pasted silver paper, which had come around the yeast, on the top for a looking-glass.

When all was finished, and the dolls were in their places, Jamie called his papa and mamma to look at the house.

Happier children you never saw.

glued bureau yeast happier

MAPLE SAP

One morning in March Fred's father said, "Put on your cap and coat. I will take you to the sugar camp."

Fred lived in Vermont and had often heard of sugar camps. He had never seen one, so he was eager to go.

They drove about six miles from where Fred lived. At last they reached a large wood. Fred's father tied the horses to a tree and then started toward a little house.

Fred followed slowly. Soon he saw something strange hanging to a tree. He went closer and saw it was a bright tin pail. It was hanging on a little spout driven into the tree.

Something that looked like water kept



dripping from the spout into the pail. Fred caught some on his finger. It tasted sweet. Soon he saw dozens of trees with pails hanging on them.

His father said: "These are sugar-maple trees. That is sap which is dripping into

the pails. In the spring there is more sap in the tree than it requires. 'So we take a part of it without hurting the tree.'

The pail was filled by this time. Papa took it down and hung an empty pail on the spout. Then they walked over near the house. There they found a big fire. A kettle full of the sweet sap was hanging over it. A man stirred it.

After it had boiled some time, it grew darker in color. It was much thicker and sweeter than it had been before. It tasted just like the sirup Fred ate on his griddle cakes.

They filled a row of little cans with the sirup. They kept half the sirup in the kettle and boiled it much longer.

This grew very thick indeed. They poured it into flat pans. After it had cooled, Fred looked at it again. It was now maple sugar.

"Do you know why we call it maple sugar?" asked Papa. "It is because it comes from the maple tree. If we boiled

the sap from another tree, it would not taste like this."

"If we used the sap of the india-rubber tree, what do you suppose we would have?"

Fred took a can of sirup and a cake of maple sugar home to his mother that night.

The next day he made some tree trunks of clay. He fringed green papers and stuck them in the top of the trunks for leaves.

He put a little round stick in each tree trunk for the spout. He hung tiny spools on these for pails.

Next he made a wagon from a spool box. He used milk bottle covers for the wheels and large spools for the cans to hold the maple sirup. He used tiny box covers for the maple-sugar pans. He made a little kettle out of clay.

For days and days he played gathering maple sap, boiling it, and making maple sirup and maple sugar. You will never know what fun he had until you try doing the same thing yourself.

ALFRED THE GREAT

Alfred the Great was king of England. He lived long, long ago. The Danes drove him into the forest, and he took refuge in a farm house.

Some griddle cakes were on the fire. The farmer's wife went out and asked him to see that they did not burn.

Alfred was busy thinking about bows and arrows. He wished to make a better kind than those his soldiers had. Then perhaps he could drive the Danes away.

The king forgot the cakes and they burned. So the farmer's wife was angry and scolded him. She did not know he was the king.

Soon after that some of Alfred's soldiers joined him. They had a battle with the Danes and drove them far away.

At one time Alfred made a clock by cutting marks on a candle. How could he tell time that way? Try it.

England	refuge	griddle	soldiers
perhaps	angry	scolded	thinking

WILLIAM TELL

There once lived a man named William Tell. He lived among the mountains in Switzerland.

He was a brave, wise man, and could shoot very well with a bow and arrow. Indeed, he could shoot so well that every one talked about it.

In this same country lived a wicked man named Gessler. He was a tyrant and made the people do just what he wished.

One day he put his hat on a post. He told the people they must bow before it when they passed by.

The people were afraid, so all obeyed him but William Tell.

When Gessler heard about it he was very angry. He had Tell brought before him.

He said, "As a punishment you will have to prove your skill with the bow and arrow."

He took Tell's little son and put him a long distance from Tell. Then he placed an apple on the boy's head.

He said to Tell: "You will have to shoot the apple off your son's head. You may use only one arrow. If you fail, your son will be killed before your eyes."

Tell begged Gessler not to be so cruel. He



was afraid he might shoot his son. But Gessler would not listen to him.

Tell slowly drew the bow to his eye. He took good aim. The boy was brave and stood very quietly. He did not move a muscle.

The arrow whizzed through the air. It

struck the apple just in the middle and carried it off the boy's head.

The people clapped their hands in joy. They were so glad Tell had not injured his son.

When Tell turned round, an arrow fell from his coat.

"What was that second arrow for?" cried Gessler.

"To smite you to the heart," cried Tell, "had I injured my son."

tyrant	punishment	mountains
injured	muscle	Switzerland

THE FOURTH OF JULY

Father, Mother, Robert, Bessie, and Jerome were spending the summer in northern Wisconsin. They were miles from any village, and only one house was near them.

That was a tiny farmhouse, with many interesting things about it. At the farmhouse lived Grace, Tom, and Frank. The

children soon grew to be good friends. What good times they had together, climbing apple trees and sliding down the hay! Then there were always the cows, pigs, horses, geese, and chickens to watch when they grew tired of everything else.

It was the day before the Fourth of July. This was the first time the city children could not celebrate the Fourth at home.

As Robert thought of the firecrackers and pretty flags, he made a wry face. "I wish we were at home," he said. "We cannot have a single firecracker nor even a flag here. It will not be a bit of fun."

"Wait," said his mamma; "perhaps we can have a pleasant time anyway. Run to the farm and invite the children to spend the day with us."

Away ran Robert and soon came back with the children. Mamma told all to sit around the dining table.

"Since we cannot buy flags for to-morrow, we will make them," she said.

She gave each child a strip of white paper six inches long and three and one fourth inches wide. They folded one of the short ends one inch toward the center. Then they turned the paper over.

They put the double end at the left side



and a long edge next them. Then each cut a piece of blue paper one and three fourths inches square. They pasted this in the upper left-hand corner of the white paper.

Mamma had some strips of red paper cut one fourth of an inch wide. Each pasted one of these across the top edge of the white

paper. Then each laid a strip in front of that touching it. This they did not paste. A third strip they pasted touching the second.



Next they raised the second strip. There was left a white strip the same width as the red.

They continued to paste in this manner until they reached the bottom of the white paper. They used longer strips below the blue square.

When that was finished, each cut a small five-pointed white star. This they pasted in the center of the blue square. Then each pasted a twig for a handle to the part that had been folded over. When they were finished they looked like those in the picture.

"Why," cried Frank, "there are thirteen stripes. One for each of the first thirteen states."

They had such fun making these, that each made five more. They decorated the front of the house with them.

When papa came in from rowing, they marched down to meet him. Each waved a flag as together they sang, "Marching through Georgia."

"Where did the pretty flags come from?" called Papa.

Their faces shone as they told him they had made them.

northern village pleasant touching
Wisconsin interesting to-morrow continued

TO THE TEACHER

DRAMATIC STORIES

IF the teacher is tactful about the matter, she will find the children enjoy nothing better than dramatization.

It gives physical exercise as well as expression to the ideas the children have obtained from the story, and to originality in the interpretation of them, when allowed to interpret without the constraint of over-directions. It will help much to give good expression when the pupils turn again to the story to read it, and bring into stronger prominence the ethical truth of the tale. It also enables the children to discriminate between stories containing dramatic situations and others. They will be quick to add this new form of game to those they already play.

Where dramatization has never before been used, it is best for the teacher to select pupils who are bright and quick to take up matters of this kind. Select a simple story which allows of a dramatic interpretation, and have the pupils follow your simple, clear directions. If the pupils are unaccustomed to dramatic expression, directions must be given at first or they will not understand what is expected of them. Later, *free* interpretation, which is valuable pedagogically, should be the aim.

EXAMPLE: THE BOY AND THE WOLF

SELECT four or five children for the people, who play they are working, in one corner of the room, — washing, ironing, carpentering, etc., etc. The boy who takes care of the imaginary sheep may be out in the hall. Suddenly he comes running in, and excitedly calls, “Help! help! The wolf! the wolf!” or words which carry the same meaning. (It is very unwise to hold to any set form, and much better for all if they carry the idea with as much individuality and originality as possible.)

The people drop their work, snatch up their guns, and quickly follow the boy. They soon return, leaving the boy with his sheep, and exclaim rather disappointedly, “There was no wolf there!” and have further conversation about the matter if so inclined. They take up their work again. Soon the boy runs in as before, and the same scene is enacted. The third time the boy comes the people will not drop their work, but exclaim, “We cannot believe a boy who has twice told a lie!” The boy goes out alone, and after a time returns weeping because his sheep have been killed.

If the teacher can forget herself enough to take a prominent part in the play the first and second days this form of interpretation is used, she will be able to lead and guide the children, and they will be able the third or fourth time to give their versions without her assistance.

The following is a list of the stories in this book which can be used for dramatization : —

Page 12. The Escaped Cow (game of catch).

Page 18. The Winds.

Page 22. The Wolf.

Page 30. The Lion and the Mouse.

Page 34. The Three Bears.

Page 47. Act a bird story by building the nest, feeding the young, etc.

Page 52. The Apple Orchard.

Page 54. The Three Butterflies.

Page 56. The Blacksmith.

Page 100. Hiawatha and Mondamin.

Page 105. Hare and Tortoise.

Page 115. William Tell.

SEAT WORK WITHOUT SUPERVISION

Page 10. Cut bow and arrow out of paper.

Page 12. Cut from paper, free hand, the running cow.

Page 13. Make dashers of heavy cardboard disks (disks from tops of milk bottles, if cut smaller, will do nicely), cutting little holes in same. For the stem, a nicely whittled stick or small branch will do. Bring one half pint bottles of cream, and, with the dashers, churn into butter.

Page 14. Make clay lighthouse. Cut out of paper, free hand, all kinds of lights, — electric, oil street lamps, gas chandeliers, reading lamps, etc., etc.

Page 17. Make paper dolls. Use water-color paints for cheeks, eyes, hair. Use originality in dressing them.

Page 25. Measure and cut carefully 3 by 2 inch cards. Write name for each carefully. Call at the teacher's desk and leave a card.

Page 39. Draw Hiawatha at door of wigwam. Make a "heaven of flowers" on the wall with a glass prism.

Page 58. Paint sunflowers.

Page 62. Mold from clay acorn and half an apple showing seeds. Cut from paper the seed of the basswood tree with sail.

Page 65. Draw picture of cranes and small birds. Cut cranes and small birds from paper, free hand.

Page 67. Grind wheat to flour between two stones.

Page 79. Paint cabbage leaf, green caterpillars, and white butterflies.

Page 107. Cut out rabbit and turtle, free hand.

CONSTRUCTION WORK

Page 8. Mold Mahoohoo in clay; put feather in hair, paint cheeks, etc. Make coat or wigwam of reversed kid gloves sewed together. The canoe is easily made of heavy-weight paper. Decorate with original designs in water colors or crayon.

Page 16. Have children bring boxes. Take them carefully apart, and, using them as models, construct new ones from straw board or heavy cardboard. It might be suggested that they use these for some such purpose as that given in the story.

Page 34. Mold large, middle size, and small bowls of clay. To make middle size chair, take a 4-inch square of paper: —

Fold front to back edge; crease and open.

Fold right to left edge; crease and open.

Fold front to center; crease and open.

Fold back to center ; crease and open.

Fold right to center ; crease.

Fold left to center ; crease.

Unfold left side, leaving right side folded to center, making an oblong 4 by 3 inches.

Now fold back to center, making 3 by 3-inch square.

On each side of middle square at right side cut one inch toward center. Same on left side.

Use right middle square for back of chair, and left middle square for front, with square between for seat. Fold remaining part around the sides, front, and back, and paste.

For large chair use a 5-inch square. For small chair, use a 3-inch square.

To make middle size bed use a 4-inch square.

Fold front and back edge ; crease and open.

Fold right to left edge ; crease and open.

Fold front to center.

Fold back to center, making an oblong 4 by 2 inches.

Turn this oblong over and fold the front to the center, and also the back to the center, making a 2 by 2-inch square, with four 1-inch squares on top. Slip finger into square at back right-hand corner. Press out, making soldier cap. Repeat with remaining three squares.

Turn over. Draw up front and back for sides for bed to stand on. Make large bed from a 5-inch square. Make small bed from a 3-inch square.

Cut out of paper, the three bears and Silver-locks.

Pages 48 and 49. Construct a bird's nest of vegetable fiber or of rattan.

Page 84. Use a 3-inch square of colored folding paper. Fold on diagonals. Open. Now fold front, back, and sides to center. Paste the touching corners of front and two sides together by tiny squares of paper, leaving back corner free. Cut a 3-inch square of cardboard, write little verse on it, and place in envelope near lower left-hand corner of oblong cardboard 5 by 7 inches. Paste scrap picture near upper right-hand corner.

Cut heart from white cardboard about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, measuring from point of heart upward.

Cut from red folding paper a heart $\frac{1}{2}$ inch less in diameter. Mount this on cardboard heart, leaving white margin all about it. Cut heart from white folding paper $\frac{1}{2}$ inch less in diameter than the red heart. So continue, and on the last small red heart paste scrap picture.

Page 97. Construct target, bow, and arrows according to directions given in story.

Page 103. Construct sun-dial of cardboard. Also make face of clock.

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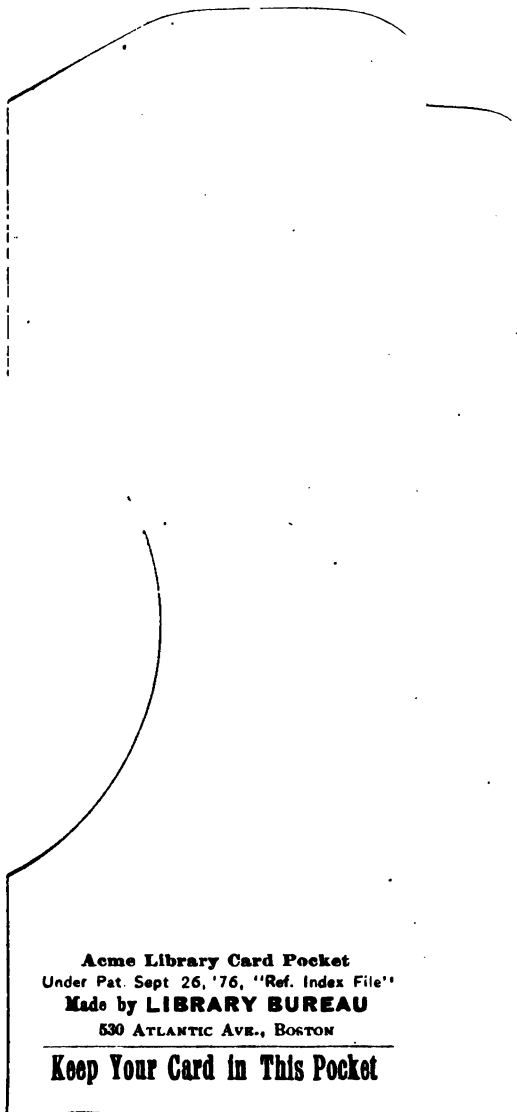
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